

Boston College Law School

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The Alledger

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# One mo' time: Class of '88 is best yet! ALLEDGER

Vol. VIII, No. 12

Boston College Law School

April 29, 1988

## Third Holocaust and Human Rights Project a Huge Success

The Third International Conference on Holocaust and Human Rights Law was co-sponsored by the Boston College Law School Holocaust/Human Rights Research Project and the Rena Herstein Memorial Fund of the Anti-Defamation League and held on April 10 and 11 at the Law School.

The Holocaust/Human Rights Research Project ("the Project") is a student-run organization that develops and encourages legal scholarship on Holocaust-related issues in American, foreign, and international law.

The Project was started in 1984 by Boston College law students. It was and remains a unique endeavor: no other organization like it exists in North America. Its presence ensures that current issues in anti-persecutor law do not go unaddressed for lack of interest or resources.

This year's Conference attracted jurists from Australia, Canada, France, Israel, the Netherlands the United Kingdom, and the United States. The topics they discussed were equally diverse. They included: (1) Legal Responses to World War II Persecutors: New Efforts at an Era's End; (2) Eastern European legal Responses to World War II Persecutors; (3) The Holocaust in the Courts: Problems in Law, History and Description; (4) Recent Prosecutions of Persecutors: An Update; (5) Western European Trials of Perse-

cutors: Two Contexts; (6) Special Topics in United States Immigration Policy; and (7) Should Nations Try Human Rights Persecutors Who Committed Their Crimes Far Away and Long Ago?

The basic philosophy of the Project is that law concerned with World War Two persecutors contains precedents for human rights cases generally. Legal logic illustrates the Holocaust's universal implications, and the Project seeks to ensure that the precedential value of Holocaust-related law is fully realized.

Currently, the Project receives support from a variety of sources. Several organizations such as Boston College Law School and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai Brith have provided critical in-kind and financial assistance. In addition, individuals across the United States have contributed to the Project's ongoing activities.

While the Project is a student-run organization. It is assisted by an Advisory Board which includes some of North America's finest legal minds. The Board, which is chaired by Dean Daniel Coquillette, includes Boston College Law School faculty members Arthur Berney, Sanford Katz, Cynthia Lichtenstein, and Zygmunt Plater, as well as Alan Derшовitz, Elizabeth Holtzman, Irwin Cotler, Allan A. Ryan, Jr., Ruti Teitel, Eli Rosenbaum and others.

Photo by Nancy Hanley



Why are these folks smiling?

Because these "Immovable Objects" have just won their third consecutive tug-o-war championship at Field Day.

## Sheldon and Fowler Win Grimes Competition

by Bernie Pellegrino

After a long, and very closely contested Grimes Moot Court competition this year, the final argument took place on Saturday, April 9 at 2 p.m. in the Barry Fine Arts Pavilion. A captivated crowd of one hundred was treated to an exceptionally well-argued championship round. Dave Sheldon and Anthony Fowler, representing the petitioner, emerged victorious in a very closely contested match against Dave Yannetti and Lynn Rooney who argued for the respondent. The panel of distinguished judges for the final round included the Honorable Bailey Aldrich from the First Circuit Court of Appeals, the Honorable E.A. van Graafeiland of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals and the Honorable Herbert Wilkins from the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court.

Dave Sheldon was given the award for the best oralist in the championship round. Other awards went to Fowler and Sheldon for best brief, Mary Langer and Jody Rice for second best brief, and Mike Jones for best oralist in the four preliminary rounds.

This year's Grimes problem involved a first and fourteenth amendment challenge to a state statute

that subjected the royalties of a convicted arson's book by the state for use in its victim compensation fund. Statutes such as this are currently on the books in thirty-four states including Massachusetts.

Sheldon and Fowler argued vigorously that the statute clearly violated their client, Ann Hudson's rights of free speech and due process under the United States Constitution. Yannetti and Rooney countered on behalf of the State of Grimes that the statute passed Constitutional muster as a valid state action for the benefit of criminal victims.

The final round was the culmination of a six week tournament which was preceded by a three week period for brief writing. This year all the preliminary and playoff rounds were very professionally and closely contested prompting BSA president, and 1987 co-champion Mark Drebing to respond, "the competition was a huge success and I'd like to compliment and thank Maureen Sullivan and Anthony Gemma, this year's co-chairpersons, all the contestants, bailiffs, judges and the administration for all their efforts in making this competition so beneficial."

## Alledger -- The New Generation

by Dierdre Cunnane

Pack up your petals Rosie. Learn a new trick Legal Beagle. The ball game's over Dr. Fuss. Mr. Fabulous, you're officially out in May of '88. J.D. Jughead, wherever you are, it's over. Yes, fellow BCLSers, sad but true, this issue marks the end of an era. We should all take a moment to pause as the greatness in our midst vanishes into nothing more than a sweet memory. (short pause). And now that those rag writers are history let's plan the future of this fine journalistic publication.

It is with great pride that I announce the new regime- I mean staff. Well really at this time the full editorial staff has not been determined. But, the new editor has been elected, um, selected, uh, appointed- actually, no one else really wanted the job-so it's me.

It is my hope that the *Alledger-The New Generation* will be an interesting, insightful, sometimes humorous reflection of all of our student body. For this to work however, I am counting on all of you would-be-writers to contribute. I'm

not asking for a day's pay, so take that look of horror off your faces.

All that I request is that you entertain the thought of sharing your knowledge of a special area, your cunning wit, your legal or other views, or insights with fellow classmates.

Contrary to popular belief, the *Alledger* is not an exclusive club. Unlike the other publications in the law school, we do not require a suspiciously high G.P.A. Nor do we insist on a sample of your writing based upon some inane legal issue. You don't need a journalistic background to submit articles and you don't have to make a major time commitment (although blood oaths are encouraged). With your help I hope to make *The Alledger-The New Generation* the best generation this law school has experienced.

Farewell to the graduating *Alledger* Editors and Staff, especially Bernie, Randy, and Mike. They have left behind them a legacy that will not soon be forgotten. (The five libel suits will take at least a couple of years to get through the courts.) Bye Guys-It's been real.



by Elgin

# Elgin's Swan Song (Again)!

Elgin here again, this time back with a vengeance. Last time out I was a little too nice, don't ask me why. What's done is done however, and now I'm as ornery as ever. Since this is the last issue of the *Alledger* that most of you will ever read (me too, I hope) I've decided to take this opportunity to say goodbye to a few of you.

First of all, I'd like to say farewell to the editor-in-sleep of the *Alledger*, Bernard Pellegrino. Bernie came to B.C. Law three years ago for one main reason: to deliver rolls to the Stuart Hall cafeteria. His truck broke down that fateful day and, one thing leading to another, before Bernie knew it he was headed to Springfield as a member of the B.C. Law basketball team. As everyone knows, athletes are coddled at B.C. Law so Bernie was soon in line to receive a degree. Just in case you're wondering about his bread truck, Bernie eventually had it fixed and converted it to a Winnebago. Last fall he used it to drive a group of BCLSers out to Notre Dame to show them where he used to deliver rolls for the legendary Irish tailgates.

I can see already that I won't have enough space to tell the full story of everyone graduating so here's a brief farewell to some of the class of '88's more unsavory characters (more importantly, they're people Elgin could readily think of jokes about):

**Tom Kerner**-Tom paid me a lot of money to say good things about him in my farewell column but I can't do it. Not until the check clears anyway. I would like to know, however,

why the LSA checking account has been transferred from BayBanks to the Bank of Brazil. Tom, Tom, are you still here?

**Jaime**-As the only guy at B.C. named after the robot on "Get Smart," Jaime need not be referred to by his last name (which is actually Smith but because of his weird Puerto Rican/Indianan accent everyone thinks he's saying Fuster.) In fact, Jaime need not be referred to at all.

**Chris Betke/Jeff Jonas**-for those of you keeping score, these two are one entry on your game program. Two of the funniest guys ever to walk these stately halls, Chris and Jeff have a bright future as professional comedians. At least that's what all the law firms that have been rejecting them have been saying. Apparently they've spent so much time together that they tried to add their G.P.A.'s together and interview as one person. I guess firms just aren't as impressed by 1.2's as they used to be.

**Art Wells and Greg Cogan**-These two guys are best known around BCLS for the Jet Spray machine in their bachelor pad. What's that, you say you don't know what a Jet Spray machine is? The best time for the uninitiated to see it is during exam week when Bloody Marys trickle through its veins. It's especially interesting to cute girls, so stop in anytime. (Art and Greg: how'd I do? Did I earn my \$20?)

**Anne Donovan**-Anne, a tireless worker, zealously pursued her responsibilities this year as the LAB student representative and a member of the National Moot Court Team. And to think, she did all of this while raising a youngster (Gre-

ta). That's why we love her. That's why she takes Geritol.

**Ann Bernhardt**-Ann really came into her own this year as a moot court mentor. When she first agreed to coach a team she really didn't know what she was doing. Someone asked her if she was going to bench her team and she said, "No way, Dave and Lynn weigh too much, I don't even think I can curl them."

**Dave Reudiger, Dave Gorman, Jack DeCanio, Royal Gardner, Grant Levy, Dino Vasquez, Kevin Clancy, et. al.**-All nice guys, but let's face it, it's time to drop the frat mentality, stop drinking beer and face the real world. I'm sorry I had to be the one to break the news guys, but in the real world you can't have motocross races around your house or drive halfway across the continent for a tailgate and football game. On second thought, let's all go get an L.L.M. What do you say? Maybe we can even stretch it into two years with luck. (By the way, Murray's has announced that when these guys graduate it's going to have to lay off four full-time employees.)

**Quinn Hebert**-I singled out Quinn from the group above only because he singled out himself by backing Bernie for LSA president and the LSU Tiger basketball team, two of the year's more notable failures. The CIA purportedly wants to send Quinn to Panama to serve as a political adviser to General Noriega.

**John Jones and John Rusk**-The law revue show really made these guys into stars. Jones showed that he can impersonate any LSA President with uncanny accuracy (a valuable real-world skill) and Rusk proved he can be the prettiest girl at BCLS when he wants to. That's a

handy trick Rusk learned during long cold winters in Upstate New York. (Ouch!)

**Tom Brayton and Mike Garrity**-These guys are undoubtedly the two biggest hacks ever to step onto a basketball court. They once played a game of one-on-one in Houston and someone made a movie out of it: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre. The BCLS hoop team won't be the same without them. It'll be much better.

**Steve Bazarian**-Until recently, I could never figure out why everyone called Steve "Buzz." I interviewed his Massapequa (N.Y.) High School track coach to find out:

"In high school Steve used to eat voraciously, like a buzzard, before every track meet. Then he'd go out and buzz right by the opposition. But once I caught him drinking after a big meet victory, trying to catch a buzz off a six pack. So I buzzed him on the phone and asked him to come into my office. He showed up with a radical hairstyle, a buzzcut, so I yelled at him," explained the coach.

"So why does everyone call him 'Buzz'?" I asked.

"Oh that, it's because he looks like Buzz Aldrin, the astronaut."

Now that everyone knows, I'm sure BCLS will be abuzz with the news.

I'm already over my limit and time is short (short? That reminds me, I didn't even mention Cathy Baumann) so I gotta go. This is probably my last column so you'd better save all your old Elgins.

Good luck Class of '88. Elgin wishes you well.

## ALLEDGER

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## Tilling the Garden One Last Time

Well this is it, folks! The big send off. My swan song. My sayonara. The time when ole Rosie is supposed to reflect on three years at BCLS and coalesce his thoughts in a terse and illuminating closing article. While I'm certainly dying to get outta' this place, I have to admit that there are some things I am going to miss when I depart from beloved Stuart Hall. For instance, I'll miss the climactic variety of the building-from the tropical climes of Room 402 to the Arctic zones on the law library. I'll miss the timely notices on the bulletin board, where one can find out that he left his car lights on ...last Thursday. Even the pleasant memories of that sports mecca called the Quonset Hut will always linger in my mind, much like the asbestos from the ceiling will linger in my lungs.

The Placement Office will hold a permanent place in my heart, as I think about the fever pitch of September and October, eventually culminating in the hushed tones and furtive glances of February and March. I'll remember how the nervous enthusiasm of all the second-years gradually turns into the panic and fear of the spring. I will reminisce how the excitement of Wall Street firms and the Hale and Dorr's of New England grows dimmer as the winter wears on, until the nadir of the National Center for Auto Safety occupies the placement board in April. It's at this point the the Placement Office places a weekly plea in the Counselor for the formation of a support group for as yet unhired students. Next year, I'm told, the office will operate a 24 hour suicide prevention line starting March 1st.

Rosie will certainly miss Bar Review, my favorite activity at BCLS. In fact, just last week these student representatives in the cafeteria informed me that I was supposed to sign up for an intensive, two month long "Bar Review" upon graduation. The post graduation life sounds pretty good; eight weeks of drinking kegs and eating generic corn chips. Query; is Bar Review possible with Pete Hutton no longer around? Rosie's prediction is that John Hayes has all the potential skills to be the next major force at Bar Review in the two years of Fridays to come.

I'll miss the pungent aroma of bad garlic bread which always enveloped the Alledger office, whenever the back door to the kitchen was open. One thing I won't miss is the fifth floor of Stuart. I haven't been there in three years of law school(except to slide a late paper under Professor Berry's door), so how could I miss it later on? How am I going to deal with a copy machine that works? How am I going to get by in the real world when I am not compelled to wait in line for everything? What will I say when I meet an attractive woman? These are all situations I have not encountered within the confines of Stuart Hall.

Certain individuals have also made an indelible impression on my mind. Let me just mention a few, without treading on the individualized libel of my cousin Elgin in the space above. The permanent fixture of Glenn Gulino at the third floor phone will no longer confront me as I enter a building. No longer will I be able to delight in the magic of Dave Heyman's baton twirling in

the courtyard beside Stuart. Sanford Katz will become just a fond memory. How will I survive without his sage advice? Who's going to tell me now, "Get rid of your Andy Warhol because pop art is dead." I would say I'll miss Tom Kerner, but I promised that I wouldn't mention his name in my final column because I refuse to inflate his ego anymore. I'll miss California Street parties with Quinn and Buzz turning the clock two hours ahead, when they want everyone to leave.

Well all that remains are final exams, and then it's Rosie, J.D. to all you first and second-years. In the words of Professor Bloom, er Jerry Garcia, "What a long strange trip it's been!" I suppose everyone out there is dying for Rosie to disclose his identity. The last time I "exposed myself" I ended up spending the night in jail. Besides, there are two many professors who are also dying to find out, and they can still sabotage ole Rosie's graduation date. However, in the interest of fair disclosure, if I receive a check for \$100 from the first-years to defray their past Bar Review expenses, I will reveal my identity on the last day of their exams.

Finally, Rosie's Garden has been called "manure laden" by one reader. Others have labelled it "offensive", "bigoted", and a "waste of space". However, I hope you'll miss me next year, when the *Alledger* rivals the *Christian Science Monitor* in humor. To my faithful readers, I thank you for your time and appreciate your willingness to poke a little fun at law school life. All I can say is, "This Bud's for you!"



# Arrivederci BCLS -- It's Been Fun!

by Bernie Pellegrino  
Editor-in-chief

I know it must be hard for most of you to believe, but this will be the final edition of the *Alledger* this school year. My, how time does fly when you're having a good time! It seems like only the day before yesterday that we unveiled the new and improved format for this award-winning publication, with the especially popular *Alledger Sports* section on the back page. But, as all good things must come to an end, this will be the final time my name will grace the masthead as editor-in-chief. So, if you folks are done blowing your noses and wiping the tears from your eyes, I'd like to offer some thanks and thoughts on the crazy, zany, topsy-turvy year we've had together.

When I took over the reins of the paper I said that our top priority was to try to make the paper "fun for the whole family." Our own little motto, if you will. Probably not as catchy as "E Pluribus Unum," or "Pump up the Volume," but it conveyed the message that we wanted to make the paper fun for us to work on, and equally fun for you to read. I had a great time... but no longer have any friends. But seriously, I think I can confidently say (with only minor exceptions) that we really had a terrific time with each issue.

I can only hope that all of you (or at the very least 51% of you) did too.

I know at times we might have crossed that fine line where fun is no longer funny, and I sincerely apologize to anyone we affronted in any way. There have also been occasions when our pursuit of enjoyment excluded some events you may have considered more newsworthy. But it was my decision to run those articles written by persons willing to make an effort to get involved, in any way they could, and for that I have no apologies.

O.K., now it's time for those obligatory thank yous. All kidding aside, there are some people who deserve my thanks for all their help this year. First, my dedicated (?) editorial staff. Dierdre Cunnane, my whacky managing editor, who I'm happy to announce will be filling my gigantic shoes next year, deserves credit for minimizing the number of possible libel suits that were brought against us this year. Randy Souza and Mike Sherry, as production editors, also spent many thankless hours not only keeping the staff refrigerator well-stocked but also trying to pick up all my spelling errors. (A task more fit for a team of specialists from WEBSTERS.) And, of course, the inimitable Mr. Fusters (both Jaime L. and Jaime X.) literally spanned the globe to bring you a constant variety of sports.

And what would a newspaper be without a talented and dedicated staff of reporters? Well, we had a stable full of them this year. Third years Bill Kaliff, Mark LaVoie, Quinn Hebert, Natalie Stella, Mike Garrity, Jay Creed, Dave Rocchio, Rich Schaefer, Kevin Clancy and that stalwart Royal Gardner all made significant contributions this year. 2L's Paul Nappi, Mike Rafanti, and cartoonist Joe Riga consistently pitched throughout the year. Also, a strong contingent of 1Ls including John Reilly, Paula Curry, Maribeth Petrizzi, Chris McCarthy, Melissa Clark and Bob Daniszewski found some time in their frantic schedules to help out all year long.

I'm sure you all loved the great pictures we were able to provide throughout the year. Well, next time you see Peter Carney, Toni Torres, Cecile Garcia or Larry Dunn they deserve your kudos, as well as mine. Without those photos you probably would have been subject to more of my hackneyed cliches.

Finally, I would be remiss if I did not highlight the work of our special weekly columnists. The insightful meanderings of good ole' Rosie kept the entire BCLS community on the edge of their seats. His/her quick wit, hilarious look-alikes, and pointy barbs brought a smile to my face each time I received the column via Federal Express. Also, that lovable puppy, the Legals Beagle, a personal

favorite of the Class of 1990, never ceased to amaze with his witty canine commentary bi-week after bi-week. The Learned Lee kept us updated on all the current twists in the legal community, and the more pressing effects they had on us here at BCLS. And well, Mr. Fabulous just plain left me speechless with every word that spewed from his vivacious pen.

From a personal standpoint, my Editorship has really been quite a fulfilling experience. Not having worked on a newspaper before, I learned a great deal about the inside aspects of the world of journalism and the effects it can have on the reading population. I also met a bunch of terrific people throughout the year. My weekly meetings with the Dean also allowed me to stay on top of all the current law school gossip. Working closely with the LSA braintrust gave me an inside view of student opinion on a variety of issues. Simply being able to cover a number of events around the school brought me into contact with so many interesting and intelligent individuals. But I think that my greatest thrill was just watching the expressions on the faces of you, our dedicated readership, each time you picked up one of our fun-filled editions. For all those whimsical looks, curious stares, and smiles of approval I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Good luck and Godspeed. Arrivederci BCLS-It's been a blast!!!

## Time To Take Off the Leash!

by The Legal Beagle

The fun and games are just about over for this canine commentator. If you didn't know, Beagles have always been noted for their sentimentality, and I'm no different. Although it may seem odd to many of you (I know my Dad can't believe it), I've really had a great time here at BCLS over the past three years. I've met a lot of terrific people who I'm sure I will not soon forget. Together we've utilized so many of the great opportunities for extracurricular entertainment available in this fine city. Sometimes I think we may have abused those privileges. But, in between, I think we have been able to pick up enough legal knowledge to serve us well as we depart into the real world.

The  
Legal  
Beagle



Departing into the real world is a thought that has kind of bothered me over the past few months. Having come straight from ALPO University to BCLS, it's really gonna be a foreign experience, even for a worldly dog like myself.

Thinking back over these past few years, I have so many vivid memories I think that, if the money was right, I might even opt to stick around for a few more years.

I'm totally serious. As a shy 1L pup, I'll never forget that first bar review. Folks were so friendly I must have met a million people. I talked with Geoff Kransdorf for awhile, and I didn't see him again until Professor Glendon slammed him on his head in Legal Process sometime in April. A group of us, led by the always enthusiastic, but usually never showered, Dave Gorman agreed to get together the next week for a pre-bar review football game. A tradition had begun.

Then there was the Imposter. Who incidentally, was not a bad quarterback. Will any of us soon forget our thoughts when that scandal broke? I think I was even more confused that day then I was after reading Professor Brown's Civ Pro exam. A shareholders derivative suit? What the hell is that? I can't even spell it correctly.

Sometimes I'll just be sitting around and things pop into my mind about that first year experience. I wonder if Warren Tolman has been elected to any political office yet? Where the heck did Art Wells get those orange head phones? Who cares about rotting cantalopes?

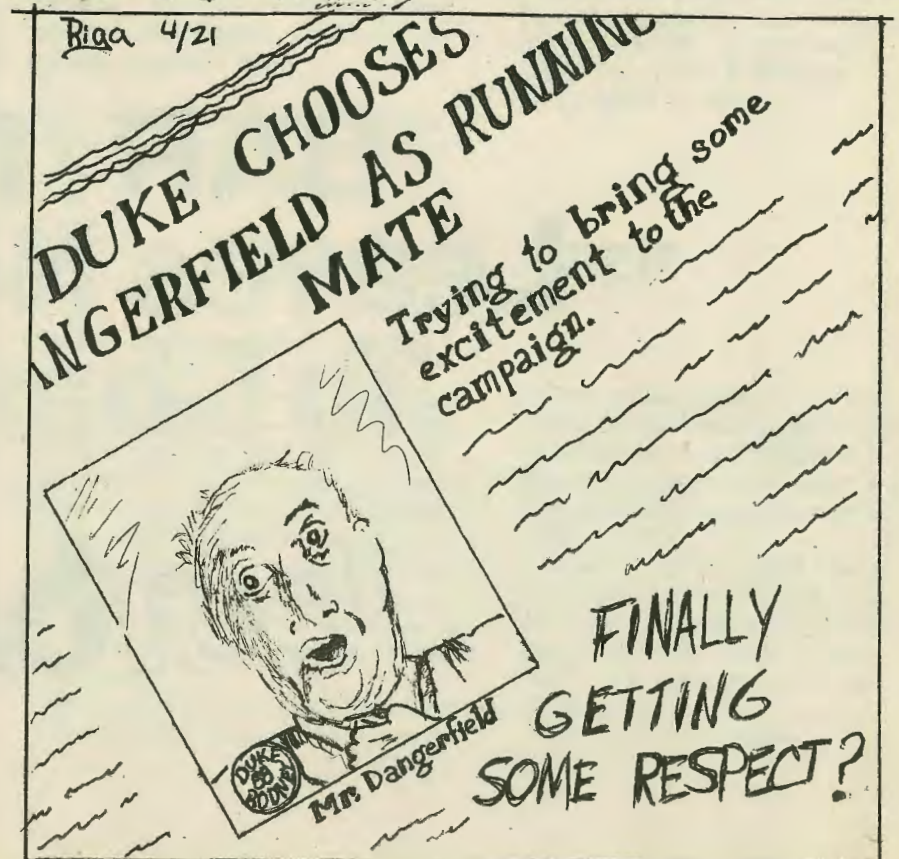
I loved bar reviews when they served mixed drinks. The Secretary of Agriculture's daughter!? Room 315 was the most enjoyable suana I've ever been in. "Excuse me Professor Brodin but could you please clarify one point for me....?" "Certainly Steve." It was always tough to find a seat in Professor Glendon's Legal Process class. Pat Maxwell. Pat Maxwell. I hate Pat Maxwell. What could Kevin Clancy and Liz Rice be talking about now? Frank Broderick is asking a question-I better pay attention. Dino Vasquez is asking a question-time for a few quick zzzz's. Why doesn't Tom but a new folder, instead of carrying that one with all the duct tape? Magnum comes on Wednesday at eight. Jay, Jay, wake up class is over. The sox are gonna do it this year, I'm glad I came to law school in Boston. Yeah mom, it's a lot different from college. Another steak and cheese with fries for lunch, Mike?

Second year seemed so busy. So many things seemed to be happening. I'm glad I didn't do that writing competition, even though all my astute roomies got roped into, I mean, were honored with law review status. Bar review was good enough for me. I liked the new format too. More blue collar. Just throw a few kegs in the lounge and let the feeding frenzy begin. "Raffle off my car? If we're lucky we'll get enough for

one keg." Bill BUCKNER. Bill Buckner. I hate Bill Buckner. Why did I come to Boston for law school anyway? The class of '89. How come I can't buy a razor blade in the city of Newton? The America's Cup party! "May it please the Court...." Quinn got hurt today playing checkers with a blind woman from Afghanistan. Elgin is zany. I miss seeing everybody from section 1 every day. Well, almost everybody. Get that airplane out of here, can't you see we've got a tug-o-war to win.

This year has been terrific. They finally gave me my own column. This paper must have really been hurting for authors. Yeah, we'll let a dog write a feature each edition, that's the ticket! But really, I've had a

*Babe!* KUWAIT

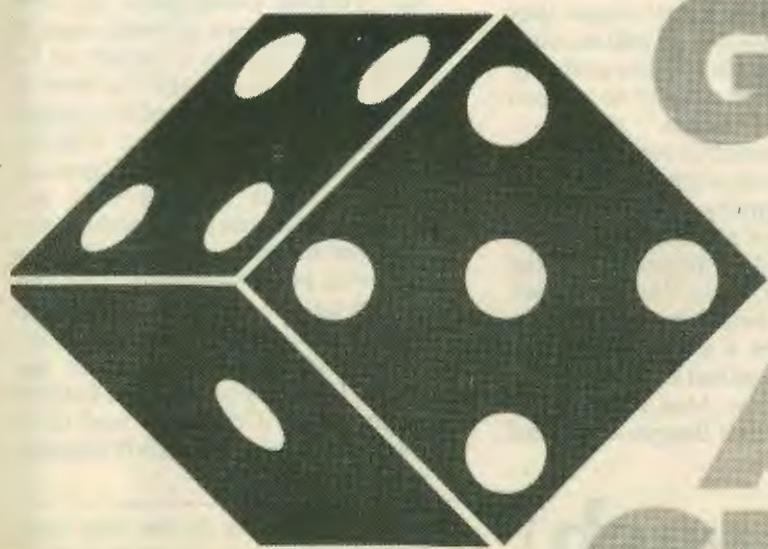
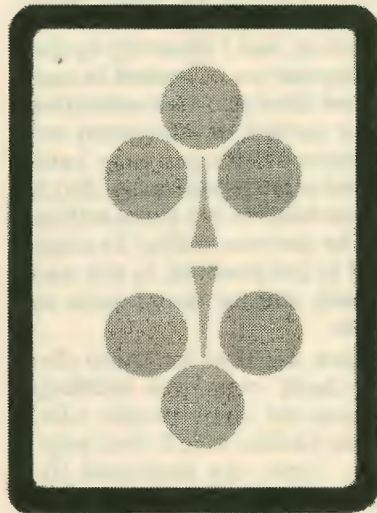


good time talking to you this year. I'd like to thank my loyal readership for putting up with my kennel commentary issue after issue, especially my buddies from the Class of 1990. You guys are the greatest and I wish you the best of luck. Next year the WNEC title is yours for the taking. I hope that these recollections of my years at BCLS will help all of you realize that this law school stuff isn't all that bad. In fact, at times it can be, dare I say, fun. I can honestly say that this pup has had a great time. But now it's time to move on. All that's left is a few silly exams, the gala ball with it's substantial hors d'ouerves, and graduation. Oh, by the way, the Beagle will be addressing the Class of '88 as Valedictorian, Summa Cum Beagle. So, now it's time to take off the leash and join the rat race. (I hate rats, there such a low form of animalia.) Thanks for the memories BCLS, especially the class of '88, it's been terrific. Good luck from your friend, The Legal Beagle!!





**SAVE  
YOUR**



**GAMBLING**

**FOR** 

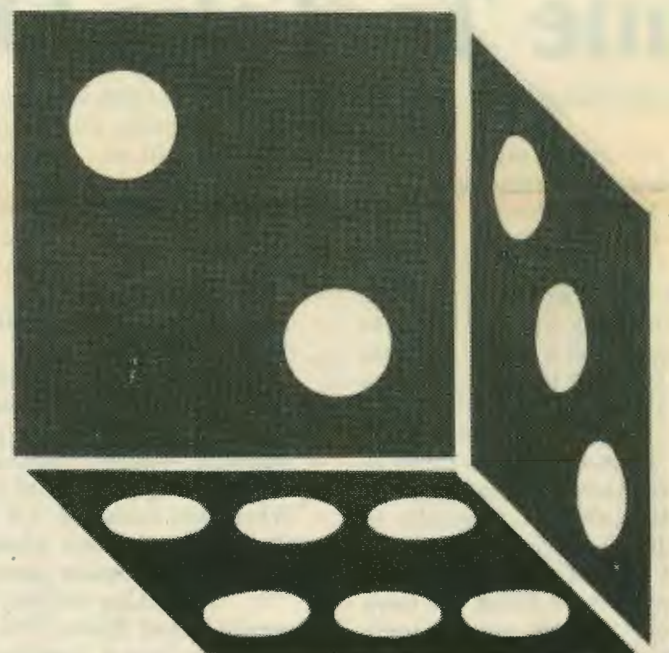
**ATLANTIC  
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**BRI**



**BAR/BRI  
Leaves Nothing  
To Chance.**

**barbri**



# Reflections of a Third Year

by Eric Lee

It was March 21, 1985. I remember that day because it was the 300th anniversary of Johann Sebastian Bach's birthday. The NBC orchestra played a special piece in tribute on Johnny Carson's Tonight Show that night. I remember this because it was also the day I was accepted by BC Law.

Two days later, I drove home to share the good news with the family. When I told my mother that BC had become the first law school to accept me, her eyes filled with tears. To this day, I don't know if her emotional reaction was in response to learning that I would be going to law school in general or to BC in particular. I never asked.

The vast majority of my classmates will simply not be able to relate what a BC acceptance meant to me in the spring of 1985. By the summer of that year, I had in my hands an embarrassingly high number of rejections, with acceptances from just three schools, two of which could only aspire to BC's tier. Unlike many of my classmates, getting into law school was never a sure thing for me. (I recall going through the exercise of making a written list of my options should I not make it to law school: 1) Business school-I took the GMAT; 2) A doctoral program in history of political science; 3) Staying in Uncle Sam's Air Force.) I was not the most competitive applicant that year nor would I have been particularly promising in the following years. So I came to BC feeling very fortunate, knowing that the admissions office here could have turned me away like so many other schools. I long ago reconciled myself to the real possibility that I was admitted under special circumstances.

Anyone reading this will note that I have a penchant for recalling from the past the most trivial details of the most innocuous events. I plead guilty. Without strain, I can remember the first classmate to whom I introduced myself (Jay), the friendly person I chatted with while standing in line for ID cards (Sara), and the woman who sat next to me during our orientation briefing (Jennie). For some reason, I can remember a greater number of people in my tour group on our first day (two-Leizer, Lindsay) than the grounds for asserting a defense under the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure (one-failure to state a claim upon which relief can be granted). And I remember vividly the circumstances surrounding the first time I was called on in class. November 11, 1985. Professor Gleridon. "Would you take us through an outline of gifts, Mr. Lee?"

To me, the trials and tribulations of a first year law student did not end with final exams. You see, I was not able to land a law-related job for the summer. Feeling obliged to do something, I found myself as a stockroom clerk in the ladies' apparel department of a K-Mart near my home. In that capacity, I applied the best of my knowledge and manual skills folding, counting, and hanging up lingerie items. Many of my high school co-workers did not believe me when I told them I was in law school. (Likewise, the lawyers in my summer firm the following year were skeptical of my K-Mart war stories.) Looking back, I can honestly say: Not in my wildest imagination could I have ever guessed that my legal education at BC would include a detour that would bring me to such intimate contact with women's undergarments.

I returned to Newton following that oh-so-humbling summer and found surprisingly little sympathy from my classmates, many of whom had better luck finding legal work. Yes, the harsh realities of the competitive job market had set in. The message was cryptic but nevertheless discernible: Better I having to work at K-Mart than they. Without trying, I had also unknowingly set a standard by which future students would be measured. A BC Law student will have had a successful first year if he did not have to work at K-Mart for the summer. (For the sake of completeness, I guess I should say that during my exit interview at K-Mart, I was given an offer to come back.)

My recollections of my second year are not as sharp, perhaps consciously so. In many ways, the events of that year are just a blur. Just as well, I'd prefer to put in the past some of my 2L experiences. During the second year more than any other, I wondered whether life in the military would have been so bad. I did not realize the kind of frazzled existence many of us were leading that year until I learned of one of my classmate-friend's wedding engagement by reading about it in the *Alledger*.

Which brings me to academics. (Why did we come here in the first place?) As I recall, our first graded exercise, the Legal Research & Writing closed memo, was due the same day Hurricane Gloria hit Boston. Academics at BC Law was never the same again so many of us would like to think! Other observations on Stuart Hall Scholastica:

\* I thought it strange that we had a question about the shareholders' derivative suit on our Civil Procedure exam, but not on our Corporations exam.

\* I disliked exam week for the most obvious reasons, but also because it was the only time during the year when everybody knew I was the only male student who couldn't grow a full beard.

\* I can't figure out how I got through law school without having to know the Rule Against Perpetuities for any of my courses. (But I hope to become more familiar with it by the end of the summer.)

\* I'm not certain I would feel completely safe letting Pat Maxwell drive my kids to school, but I have no such reservations about my opposing counsel's kids.

\* I'm usually the most vocal advocate of education in the broadest

form, but I still think the six-credit Tax I course was the biggest waste of my waking hours in my 21 years of formal education.

\* *In re Law Review*: I have the highest respect for those with the smarts, the self assuredness, and the foresight not to do law review.

\* "Marriage to a U.S. citizen is considered a favorable factor." *Jen Hung Ng v. INS*, 804 F.2d 534, 538 (9th Cir. 1986) (citations omitted). I concur.

As much as the administration likes to talk about diversity in the student body, I've found that diversity applies to the faculty as well. In my opinion, the faculty here includes a fair mix of the gifted, the arrogant, the devoted, the inept, the megalomaniacal, the idealistic, the inspirational. Of my contact with various members of the faculty, three experiences stand out:

\* I am still livid about the permanent professor who, annoyed with my first year paranoia about exams, bluntly told me: "You will NOT be the top student in your class." (My class standing was never at issue, sir. But your prediction proved to be true just the same.)

\* I thought it was interesting how one of my professors was able to work into a class discussion the rather personal subject of my (prospective) marital fidelity.

\* I'll always hold a special place in my heart for the young professor who told me and others never to "self eliminate yourself from any job opportunity." Her words of encouragement marked the beginning of a long process that ended with an offer for a position that I will take on this fall.

In closing: I recall saying somewhere in my BC application that I felt I could make some contribution to the Law School and its alumni. With some pretentiousness, I must say I have done my best to do that. But I did not realize the kind of impression I made on my classmates until many of them started calling me "Jonathan." (I stopped correcting many of you in our second year.) In all seriousness, I must admit that I learned a great deal here; the three years have provided me quite an education, legal and otherwise. A heartfelt thanks to and the deepest admiration for those who made it enjoyable, respect for those who made it a challenge, understanding for those who made it difficult.

We made it, Mom!

## First Year Angle

by Bob Daniszewski

I was hoping to come up with some insightful observations for this column, the last First Year Angle. Unfortunately, this deadline arrived far too soon for me to have gained a reasoned perspective on my first year at BC Law. Perhaps by mid-summer I will have been able to make more sense out of the ten years it seems I've spent here since last September.

In the interest of conserving space for the other parting shots that

decorate this issue, I will be brief. Writing this column has been both recreational and therapeutic, and I hope to do more next year. I urge others to take advantage of this experience, too.

Finally, I want to thank those readers who have contributed to this effort through their timely words of encouragement. Your support has made the process easier and the product better.

Good luck on exams!

## The SMH Approach

### Question Practice

"I saw some of your competitors' products, and honestly, all they have is substantive law. The 'practice' element on questions is missing."

Questions 35-38 are based upon the following situation:

Victim, injured by Driver in an auto accident, employed attorney First to represent him in the matter. Victim was chronically insolvent and expressed doubt whether he could promptly get necessary medical treatment. Accordingly, First wrote into their contract his promise to Victim "to pay from any settlement with Driver compensation to any physician who provides professional services for Victim's injuries." The contract also provided that First's duties were to inform Victim immediately after the accident, to seek out and value a Doctor of Medicine, and to pay for the Doctor's services. Victim immediately sought a Doctor of Medicine, but was unable to find one. Victim then asked First about the contract with First, explaining that he bill, but First requested a copy of his employment contract. First then asked First about the contract with First, explaining that he bill, but First requested a copy of his employment contract. First then asked First about the contract with First, explaining that he bill, but First requested a copy of his employment contract.





# Fogged In? No Wonder!

by Margaret Monsell

The end of the year. Time to reflect. What has law school done to you, besides possess you of a deep inner need to complain?

Consider, for starters, what has happened to your reading skills. For the past eight months you have been reading appellate opinions by the hundred, and if you're like me you have been reading almost nothing else. Now I'm not talking about what this is doing to our characters—besides, what harm could it do to watch as, day after day, justice genuflects before wealth and power? I am talking about how this stuff doesn't want to be read. It wants you to go away and leave it alone, and it can achieve any density necessary to resist you. Any opinion can go absolutely deadweight when you try to pick it up and carry it over to the little pile of legal knowledge you're trying to accumulate. I'm not sure our minds are any better for having spent the year trying to read these things, but they certainly have been exercised. According to the Fog Index we have been pumping some serious verbal iron. Have you looked in the mirror lately?

The Fog Index is a formula invented at the Gunning-Mueller Writing Institute in Santa Barbara, California. It tests the ease with which a passage can be read according to two variables. The first is the length of sentences—long sentences are hard to read because they tax the memory. The second is the number of polysyllabic words the passage contains—these are bad because they are usually abstract and often unfamiliar. The formula is Fog Index = (Average Sentence Length + Percentage of Long Words) times four-tenths. The score corresponds

roughly to the number of years of schooling necessary to read the passage easily. National magazines try to stay close to 12, the reading level of a high school graduate; an average sentence with score of 12 would be 20 words long and contain 2 words of 3 syllables or more.

A random selection of reading matter: *Time* magazine scored a 12, the *New Yorker* 13. A *Boston Globe* editorial on Afghanistan racked up a 14, as did the foreword to *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* by Julia Child. A college textbook on European history rated a 16. The first five verses from the Book of Genesis, 7; the instructions on this year's 1040 form, 15. "The Communist Manifesto" got a 16; *TV Guide* got a 12. The formula is not foolproof, of course; the sentence "He who has not has what he who has has not," is a lot more difficult than its score of 4 would indicate. But over a sample length of 200 words or so, it is pretty accurate.

Now, as if you didn't know, the judicial opinion is off the charts. I rated 12 opinions, three each in Property, Torts, Contracts and Civil Procedure. (I spent an evening calculating the Fog Indices of opinions in lieu of reading them. My procrastination skills have not suffered this year, either.) The 12 opinions had a mean score of 21, which is two points higher than *The Origin of Species* by Darwin, and four higher than Freud's *Civilization and its Discontents*. These things are just flat out hard to read no matter what they're about or when they were written.

Of course, as in any group, a few stand out for their sheer excellence. The envelopes, please.

Nice guys finish first. The Irving Thalberg Humanitarian award goes

to Benjamin Cardozo, for *Wood v. Lucy, Lady Duff Gordon*, a steamy tale of greed and betrayal in the high-powered world of fashion. Lucy came in with a highly readable 12, and Ben's stellar performance led Contracts to a low score of 17, a full four points below the mean and only two points higher than Einstein's essay, "E = MC<sup>2</sup>." Congrats, Ben.

Torts took second place honors in the subject category with a 19, a score double that of *The Confessions of St. Augustine*. The Torts squad was led by Learned Hand, whose haunting rendition of *The Wreck of the T.J. Hooper* took the silver in the individual category with a 14, a point below the "Message from the Dean" in this year's law school catalog.

Certainly the year's most exciting contest took place in Property, where Post bested Pierson by a 23 to 18 count. Behind early, the plucky Pierson staged a courageous third-quarter comeback with a 77-word sentence artfully tacked together

with 12 commas and 2 semi-colons. But Post, showing what true champions are made of, rallied with a 90-word one of his own, the immortal "saucy intruder" passage. He then finished Pierson off with a sentence that ran to 78 words and used "pernicious," "incorrigible," "unoccupied" and "inevitable" to good effect.

Finally, the pinnacle of our profession. The Marquis de Sade Cup for Egregious Piling On goes this year to the Civil Procedure squad—*International Shoe, Erie* and tournament MVP *Pennoyer v. Neff*. Together the team racked up an astounding 24 which, incidentally, is 9 points higher than the Marquis himself. The indomitable *Pennoyer* took individual honors with a 28 and also walked off with the award for the single longest sentence, a Herculean production of 148 words containing 38 nouns, 26 prepositions, 11 commas, 1 semi-colon and, mercifully, a period.

I bet you didn't know your own strength.

## Graduation Monster

by Mike Garrity

Graduation will be held on the Sunday of Memorial Day weekend, which seems appropriate. That always was a special holiday. In my neighborhood, there were only two seasons: Summer and the rest of the year. The Sunday of Memorial Day weekend officially started summer.

My crowd rented a house by the beach in South Jersey. Each weekend we piled into cars and rambled the 80 or so miles to the little backwater town where we would carouse, free of our parents and far from work and school. Although we usually would arrive on Friday night or Saturday, Sunday was *The Day*. One of the bars held a celebration akin to New Year's Eve, with decorations and a countdown to midnight. Memorial Day weekend always started things. It seemed that, for at least the next 12 weekends, life would be fuller and more vibrant. You were alive. There were no routines. Life promised excitement. The Sunday of Memorial Day weekend proved a great beginning and what followed usually lived up to expectation.

I have been fantasizing about this Sunday of Memorial Day weekend for more than two years. The first time came late on the night before the research memo was due. For an hour or two, it seemed I'd miss the 10 a.m. deadline. Hello Panic. I righted myself imagining Louise Clark calling out the name my father loaned me, taking the diploma from Ken Krezwick, walking across the stage and having some vice dean hang a silly multi-colored sash around my neck. I've rerun that image dozens of times since that night, whenever I was worried about paying the rent or getting a job or simply trudging through law school muck. That picture got me up those mornings when Commercial Law alone just couldn't do it.

Earnest, well-scrubbed-looking young adults selected by competent, status quo administrators always use those sort of stories as wonderful, upbeat metaphors at graduations. The Dream Fulfilled. The Grand Beginning. The First Day of the Rest of Your Life. Rebirth. COMMENCEMENT! Hand-wringers need not apply as valedictorians. Thoreau never would have cut it. But after three graduations of my own and a raft of others I didn't really want to see but had to attend, I am all New-Day-Is-Dawninged out.

Graduations have somehow gotten assigned the wrong place in my emotional dictionary, stuck on the

same page as seeing old girlfriends, February, abrupt changes in seasons, funerals and nights long and restless without reason. A morose, irrational monster always arrives without notice, stomping across the heart in golf shoes. The demon (which seems especially to plague the Irish, along with alcohol and stubbornness) mocks the phony metaphors and reminds me that graduations and funerals and old girlfriends, while necessary, are more about loss than fulfillment; more about past than future.

The smiles always show when the monster is loose. At the reception after the Law Revue show, I saw a recently-minted lawyer friend across the snack bar, looking lost. She saw me and smiled that smile you have to smile when people you know look at you. She left early and quietly, as was not her habit when she attended school here.

*The Globe* ran stories a few years ago on the 20th anniversary of JFK's death. The day after the anniversary, the newspaper displayed a photo of Jackie walking alone on the beaches at the Cape. She wore that same emotionless smile—because-you-will-have-to-smile-or-people-will-know-what's--really-going-on smile.

The first time I recognized that look was the Sunday of Memorial Day weekend. My old routine was long gone. I drove 200 miles on Friday to meet my dad (dead three years and eleven months this graduation day) in a mostly-deserted motel in North Wildwood, N.J. We spent half the foggy weekend eating seafood, drinking and talking about religion and politics. On Sunday, I packed up to drive 15 miles north to the old town, where my crowd clung to the old routine. As I was about to step out the door of the motel room to leave, my father looked at me, smiled, walked up and buried his head in my chest. Then he hustled off into the small bedroom.

"He always cries when you leave," my mother said. "We'll go up on the boardwalk in a little while and he'll be fine."

I have not enjoyed law school all that much. Frankly, I'll be glad to get the hell out. But why don't I feel like those earnest young graduates say I should, euphoric with triumphant fulfillment after 19 years of schooling?

Enter the monster, wearing a mortarboard, graduation robe, sharpened golf spikes and a Jackie O smile. I should have expected it. Where's the boardwalk?

## The SMH Approach

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ANCEMENTS (E.P.T.L. §2-1.5)

It is an irrevocable transfer of property to another which is intended to satisfy wholly or partially an expected distribution to that person's estate. An advancement will affect the distribution of the testator's estate if the amount of the advancement is treated as though it were part of and distributed from the estate to the heir.

1. Requirement of a Writing

Transfer of property to constitute an advancement under the statute, the donor must sign a written instrument contemporaneously with the gift or other transfer of property— which the donee, acknowledging the gift, must sign. Alternatively, the instrument must be in writing and signed by the donor. If the instrument is not in writing, it is not an advancement.

**SMH**

BAR REVIEW

2. Calculation

Where there is an advancement, the amount of the advancement and shares are then determined. The amount of the advancement is the share of the person receiving it in the estate of the donor. If the advancement is made to a child, the share of the child in the estate of the donor is the amount of the advancement.



# President Kerner Says Goodbye!

Congratulations Tony and all the rest of the newly elected LSA officers. Glen, this could be the start of a new trend. The one thing to worry about with Glen as a third year representative, is that next year's graduation speaker is likely to be Frank Sinatra.

Since this is the last edition of the *Alledger*, it's appropriate to point out the successes and failures of this year's LSA.

On the plus side, the President made an excellent executive decision when he appointed Bernie Pellegrino Chairperson of the Social Committee. With Bernie coordinating all the work that goes into LSA parties and Bar Reviews, the LSA officers were free to work on graduation and other issues. Hi-lights of this year's LSA accomplishments are that we now have an interim computer lab and a larger, 22 unit, center is scheduled to open in the Barry Wing by the start of classes next year. Academic honors were adjusted so that one-third of a graduating class will receive honors, not almost 60% like last year, nor 15% as would have been the case under the standard

that was scheduled to take effect this year. Finally, starting next year, law students will no longer have to pay a graduation fee (sorry 3Ls).

I was going to write about any failures the LSA may have had this year, but the *Alledger* has already run an article about the Springfield basketball tournament. Besides, I was instructed by the editor to keep this article short. Luckily, there is room for a bit of advice to next year's LSA President and a short farewell.

My advice to Tony is that he better have a good sense of humor or publish the *Alledger* himself. Also, he should read the script to the "Law Revue Show" before approving any LSA money for the Show.

My farewell is to the 1Ls and the 2Ls-the 3Ls will have to put up with me during our graduation ceremony. To the 1Ls: How can you guys party so much? You are probably the first class to have brought a keg of beer into a property class. As long as your grade reports aren't too sober-

ing, keep the great attitude and pass it along. To the 2Ls: Assuming that during last year's LSA election, the current third year class split its loyalty among the three presidential candidates, one must logically assume that you guys were the electoral margin which allowed me the honor to serve as LSA President. You are to be commended for your keen foresight. Thank you.

## Bachelor of the Bi-Week

by Jack DiCanio

Attention B.C. Babes! The *Alledger* is proud to present this week's bachelor of the week, Grant "You haven't lived til you've seen me in my speedo" Levy. Grant comes to Boston College from the land of sunshine, Los Angeles, California. (Grant calls it sunshine, I thought it was smog.) Grant is the ideal student combining academic excellence with an active social life. Many of

you may be familiar with his law review article entitled, "The man I would most want to be like when I grow up, Ivan Boesky."

strenuous position as apprentice ambulance chaser for a prominent L.A. Law firm. When asked about leaving Boston, Grant responded, "Boston



But don't worry ladies, Grant still finds time to maintain his Herculean physique. Subsisting on a daily diet of tofu, avocado juice and corn chips, Grant remains in top physical condition. In his spare time Grant enjoys practicing the breast stroke, cruising in his B.M.W., and chasing co-eds around the reservoir. (Although not necessarily in that order.)

Despite Grant's life-long dream of becoming head lifeguard for L.A. county, he has settled for a less

sucks!"

So listen up ladies, don't be shy, You have to act quick, To catch this radical guy, Have a little courage, don't delay, Just pick up that phone, Grant's leaving in May.

P.S. If you're particularly attractive and not too selective, Grant's housemates at 30 Willow St. will be happy to personally handle your inquiries.

## Law Review Notes

by Q.J. Abear

On Tuesday, April 19, 1988, Dean Coquillette hosted (he promises that this will become a BCLS tradition) a reception at Bar House honoring the four law reviews. Jenny Petit, the Dean's right hand person and member of the Environ. Aff. L.R., organized the sumptuous assortment of substantial hors d'oeuvres and champagne. Food and spirits were flowing freely as the law reviewers exchanged polite chit-chat.

The Dean of course, opened up the afternoon with a few one-liners. The crowd breathed easier when Dean Coq' promised not to discuss his stint on the Harvard Law Review fifty years ago. The Dean, however, did compliment the hard work and dedication of law review staffs. (I wonder how many times he runs up to the fifth floor or down to the Third Worlders.) He also reminded the attentive audience that although the goal of each review is to turn out quality publications, the reviews are, most importantly, individual learning experiences designed to contribute to the overall development of the staffs.

The afternoon culminated in the presentation of the law review certificates of merit to the third year editorial boards. The Dean noted the craftsmanship that went into the

priceless certificates. On one sad note for the class of 1988, if the Dean's attempt at pronouncing the 3L's names is any indication of his performance on May 29th, then even John Jones may get his name mispronounced (Hey Dean, my name is not pronounced HERBERT or HAYBARE, it's ABEAR).

I think that the highlight of the afternoon was the shrimp gobbling battle going on between big Mark Spitz of Int'l and Steve Bernstein of Generic. It was a hard fought contest, but Steve Bernstein won the gold medal by virtue of having spilled more cocktail sauce on his nice shirt. Greg Cogan, my EIC on Int'l, guzzled enough champagne to keep Ernest & Julio in business for twelve years, about the same amount of time that it'll take him to make partner at Bingham, Dana & Gould.

On a personal note, I'd like to thank all my secret sources for providing me with all the dirt. Seriously, I'd like to thank Greg Cogan and my fellow executive editor, Grant Levy, for making the year enjoyable-I can honestly say that we had some fun up on the fifth floor!!! I hope that this column has helped some of yall understand the reviews a little better. I'd also like to encourage some geek to keep this column alive next year!

## BCLS Boston Marathoners

Eric Lee 3:08

(six marathons -- six semesters)

Granty Levy 3:20

Jim Hawkins 3:46

Mark Lavoie 3:50

Finished  
but times unknown.

Dave Brown

John Lee

Jean O'Neil

Edwin

Please excuse any ommissions.

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# ALLEDGER SPORTS

## The Inaugural Alumni/Student

by Jaime X. Fuster

The inaugural BCLS Alumni/Student Golf Classic teed-off last Thursday, April 21 at the beautiful Norwood Country Club and Golf Resort. This year's spring tournament, for the first time, was to feature students and alumni playing side by side, discussing current legal topics, and sharing stories about common experiences with professors. Tournament Commissioner, 3L Jeff "Flagstick" Jonas, had assembled an impressive slate of social events to compliment the tournament itself. However for a number of unforeseen reasons the Alumni turnout was a little smaller than expected. In fact, as the field moved toward the first tee, only David Brauer '85 was brave enough to join the very talented array of student participants.

The hardy member of the Class of '85 was paired with 3L Bernie Pellegrino by Commissioner Jonas. "Bernie's a veteran of six BCLS tournaments, an excellent golfer, and is well versed on so many current campus and worldwide topics," Jonas explained, "He was the obvious choice as partner for Big Dave. Besides he's the Commissioner Emeritus and he told me if I didn't put him with Dave I'd never play golf in this town again." As the eight teams went off the first tee, then, the Brauer/Pellegrino team was an early favorite to dethrone the returning champions Randy Souza and Jim Hawkins who had drawn the unenviable pairing as the first group of the day. Not only that, Souza and Hawkins were forced to play the entire tournament along side the rag-tag team of Joe "Why can't I use my goalie stick" Dibrigida and

Jack "Because I said so" Dicanio.

But, funny things can happen when you're playing on such a treacherous course as the Norwood C.C., especially when Mother Nature rears her ugly head with gale force winds and temps in the mid-40's. Pellegrino, still showing the effects of a near-fatal Law Revue Show shoulder injury was not his normally stellar self and Brauer was left to carry the load as the team came in at 88. David did however, take home the trophy for low gross among Alumni participants with a score that was also, coincidentally, 88. Hawkins was obviously still weak from running a 3:45:37 Boston Marathon only three days previous and, as a result, the returning cham-

pions floundered to a round of 83. When all was said and done, the team of Mike Serry and Peter Carney had confounded the experts and taken the title coming in at an astonishing 78. By doing so, the tandem got their names engraved on Tournament Cup, which was purchased this year as a permanent trophy to be displayed in the school, and brought out each year for this special event. The best that the Jonas/John Russell team could come up with was John's victory in the longest drive competition on the 11th hole.

And, then there was the stalwart second year foursome. Mary Langer, Andrea Branner, Rosemary Schrauth, and Kim Sachse once

again traversed the course in splendid fashion making the tournament not only Student/Alumni but also co-ed. Rosemary, a lefty with plenty of tournament experience was expected to take the women's honors. However, utilizing strong driving and excellent putting on the back side, Kim emerged as the upset winner in the ladies bracket.

Once again the tournament was a great success. Sure there was only one Alumni participant but this was just the first year and it can only get bigger as the years roll on. As Jeff noted, "In ten years we'll all come back and the person closest to the pin will win a new car." Sure Jeff, but it won't be you!!

## 2nd Annual Race Judicata

Photo by Zeb Francoeur

by Andrea Brantner

On Saturday, April 16 over 175 people braved the cold, rain and snow to run in the 2nd Annual Race Judicata 5k road race sponsored by the ABA/LSD chapters of Harvard, B.C., B.U., Suffolk and New England. The race, a benefit for Greater Boston Legal Services, was a smashing success despite the weather. We raised over \$2,000 for GBLs.

The runners came from all of the area law schools, some downtown firms, GBLs and Lexis. The winner, Nat Larson, a first-year at Harvard, took the honors with a time of 15:21.



A few of the strong BCLS contingent celebrate after having just finished Race Judicata.

B.C. made a very strong showing winning a prize for the Boston Law School with the most participants. About 15 B.C. students braved the cold to run with two of them finishing in the top 20. Dave Blackmar finished first for B.C. (11th overall). Joe Riga finished 2nd (19th overall) with a time of 18:39. B.C. women also made a strong showing, unfortunately at this writing we haven't been able to ascertain who came in first.

The B.C. ABA chapter would like to thank all the people who entered the race whether it was to run or just to get one of the fantastic t-shirts. And for all of you who missed the excitement this year, start practicing for next year's race.

## Students Triumph Over Faculty!



Photo by Zeb Francoeur

The student squad came prepared this year, wearing down the faculty for a 23-18 victory this year at Field Day. Tim Flaherty and Monique Deragon starred for the students. Dean Lutch killed the faculty with turnover after turnover.

## The SMH Approach

### We Put It All Together

*"The course was well structured and sensibly paced . . ."*

	TUES	WED	THURS
23	Multistate Contracts I 24	Multistate Contracts II/Sales 25	Multistate Contracts & Sales Questions 26
30	Multistate Torts II 31	Multistate Torts Questions 1	Multistate Property I 2
6	Multistate Con. Law I 7	Multistate Con. Law II 8	
13	Multistate Criminal Law II 14	Multistate Criminal Law Questions 15	Multistate Evidence I 16
20	Introduction Dom. Relations Lecture & Essays 21	Civil Procedure Lecture 22	Civil Procedure Essays 23
27	Wills Essays 28		Multistate Practice Exam (9-5) 30
4	U.C.C. 5	Business Assoc. Lecture & Essays 6	Tax Essays 7
11	Contract Essays 12		
18			
25	Essay Exam 26	Multistate Exam 27	

